

# SAPOLIO



# POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, March 29, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

THE editor of this paper has done many foolish and unoriginal things, and many deeds of which he is ashamed, but he has never written an editorial entitled "Whither Are We Drifting."

In Charleston the Huling Club, a Republican organization, have expelled Messrs. Eugene Dana, John Slack, and Bill Dave Goshorn for supporting the Democratic nominee for Mayor.

In Frederick County, Va., Thornton Parker attempted to commit a rape upon a white woman on the 7th of this month. On the 15th he was sentenced to hang for the crime. This is the way to discourage lynching, but it looks as though it were all one to the negro, unless he stands on the order of his going.

THE writer is one of those fanatics who claim that the one thing needful in our county to-day is a railroad. To hear the specious arguments that are advanced by some that a railroad would be disadvantageous to the prosperity of our people, reminds us of the objection the old farmer made to the putting up of a telegraph line through his farm, because he did not want the news carried all over the country every time he licked one of his young ones. This objection being overcome, he contended that "he heard tell how the telegraph killed the corn." If our people produced their dry goods and groceries, and made their farming implements as they once did, we could get along better. But we have got to be too progressive. We are continually buying things which have been imported, and our broad acres are more of an expense than profit. We are cursed, too, with a large and smooth, but swift-flowing river, which is admirably fashioned for carrying everything out of the county, but even the light rowboats of the lumbermen cannot come back into the county by the river, but must be hauled in over high mountains. In the era of prosperity which is now beginning, let us hope that some of the many companies will complete a line which will open up this county. We are tired of hurting horses' backs by the long and tiresome rides to the depot, and announce our intention of only waiting about twenty years longer, and if the railroad does not come by that time, we will vacate the premises and go forth to seek our railroad.

## Historical Feet Disputed.

All people who are fond of stating hypothetical cases, and using the word "if" a great deal, have been often reminded by their friends that "If the Dog had not stopped to take a drink he would have caught the Rabbit." These persons will be glad to know that there was no such occurrence as this, at least so a gentleman of this town informed his hearers, but that all that had given rise to this caustic illustration, which sets the best of us back, was that the Dog had gone out to take a drink and the Rabbit saw him and ran off. A Man was standing near and either mistakenly or designedly invented the above reply to be used when hypothetical cases were put to him. It does the Dog an injustice and irritates the supporter, and so it is well that the tale has been exploded.

## Outrage Upon Mrs. Tracy.

About two weeks ago it was reported that there had been an outrage committed upon a defenceless woman in the upper part of Pocahontas. We had inquired into the matter as thoroughly as possible, and had come to the conclusion that there was no truth in the report, and therefore made no mention of it in these columns. In the meantime the news was spread far and wide by the daily papers. We have copied a clipping from the Staunton News on the outside of this week's paper under which doubt of the authenticity of the account is expressed.

Since then we have heard the report confirmed from a reliable source, and it seems that though the people of the county did not get up in arms to hunt the ravishers down, yet there was a crime committed in a most secluded section of the county—a crime at the thought of which the civilized world stands aghast.

On that snowy evening in March Mrs. Tracy was dragged from her horse to become the victim of two white fiends. The horse continued on its way home where it arrived with a bit of torn skirt on the saddle. Thinking that she had been thrown from the horse, her friends went to look for her and traced the way the ruffians had hurried her by means of her torn clothing. She was in a most deplorable condition when found. The men were strangers, but she thinks that she could recognize them.

This report is a little tardy, but it was through abundant caution that we refrained from taking the report of the Staunton daily, rather relying on the fact that there was no excitement manifested in this part of the county. The neighborhood, however, is removed from any direct communication with the county-seat, and that may account for it.

## A Great Speech.

A lawyer, whose eloquence was of the spread-eagle sort, was addressing the jury at great length, and his legal opponent, growing weary, went outside to rest.

"Mr. B. is making a great speech," said a countryman to the bored counsel.

"Oh, yes, Mr. B. always makes a great speech. If you, or I had occasion to announce that two and two make four, we'd just be fools enough to blurt it right out. Not so Mr. B. He would say:

"If, by that particular arithmetical rule known as addition, we desire to arrive at the sum of two integers added to two integers, we should find—and I assert this boldly, sir, and without the fear of successful contradiction—we, I repeat, should find by the particular arithmetical formula before-mentioned—and, sir, I hold myself perfectly responsible for the assertion I am about to make—that the sum of the two given integers added to the two other integers would be four!"

This reminds us of an incident said to have occurred in Lord Justice Davey's court, in which the Lord Justice is said to have asked Mr. Oswald to "kindly state to the Court the exact point of law that he was obscuring by his eloquence."—The Law Student's Helper.

## Clover Lick.

There is some sickness in Dr. Ligon's family.

James meeks is better. Mr. S. B. Hannah brought a fine lot of cattle to his place the other day, which he will graze here.

Mr. Philip Kramer has gone to Highland county to attend a land sale.

Some one robbed Mr. Sharp's potato store the other day.

## TREMBLE, MISCREANT!

We would be glad if the one who borrowed John Doyle's ax last fall would return the same to same.

## PREACHING APPOINTMENTS.

Providence permitting, Rev. E. F. Alexander will preach at Driftwood Saturday at 10 a. m., and at Split Rock on the fifth Sunday of March at ten a. m. and at Mary's Chapel at 3 p. m., and at the Price School House, at 7 p. m. of that day. PUMPKINHEAD.

A new paper called the West Virginia Journal of Commerce is to be started at Grafton. It is to be a developer.

THE many friends of Brevet Major Gen. Henry Capehart, late Colonel of the First West Virginia Cavalry, will learn with pleasure that he has been awarded a medal of Honor by the President for most distinguished gallantry in action in saving under fire the life of a soldier who was in imminent danger of drowning at Greenbrier River W. Va., May 25, 1864.—Hancock County Independent.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## Notice to Contractors.

BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE UNDERSIGNED COMMISSIONER For repairing the bridge across Knapp's Creek at Huntersville, Pocahontas county. Specifications can be seen at the County Clerk's office. All bids must be in by April 3d. E. D. KING, Commissioner.

Dentistry: Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Valley Head March 15th, and remain 3 days. Mingo, 19th, 4 days. Edray, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Buckeye (Clark Kellisons,) 5th, 4 days. Mill Point, 10th, 4 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

## Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,

R. K. BURNS,

Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,

J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

## Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone-spavin, curb, polio, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bow-trocles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases. Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS,  
Top of Alleghany, W. Va.

## Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,  
Academy, W. Va. 1256m

## MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

## Terms.

per day . . . . 1.00  
per meal . . . . 25  
lodging . . . . 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

## —RETAIL—

## Marlinton Grocery

## —HOUSE—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

## Commissioner's sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, pronounced at the October term, 1894, in the chancery cause of

Levi Gay

vs.

John T. McGraw, John A. McNeel, and B. M. Yeager,

I will on

TUESDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1895, Offer for sale by public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the court house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River and on the headwaters of Laurel Creek, a branch of Williams River, in said county, which was conveyed to said John T. McGraw by the said John A. McNeel, by deed of date 7th day of April, 1891, and of record in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No 22, page 13, and which is estimated to contain 1077 acres and 30 poles. This tract is very valuable for its grazing and timber qualities.

TERMS: Enough cash in hand to pay the sum of \$3,479.50, with interest thereon from the 15th day of October, 1894, and the costs of suit and sale, and the residue in three equal installments, falling due in six, twelve, and eighteen months respectively from day of sale, bearing interest from that date, taking from the purchaser bonds with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, a lien being retained as ultimate security.

W. A. BRATTON,

I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed. J. H. PATTERSON, m8 4t Clerk.

## Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA  
POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to wit:  
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for said county, on Monday, the 4th day of March, 1895.

W. A. Bratton, trustee,

vs.

W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway Company, a corporation under the laws of West Virginia, George F. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, and Q. W. Poage.

The object of this suit is to sell under a deed of trust in favor of the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railway Company, of date October 28, 1881, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, the land of said Ella M. Burr, (nee Poage) devised her by her father, Woods Poage, and to this end, to remove any clouds which may rest upon the title by reason of any claims of said Q. W. Poage to said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, George F. Burr, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the West Virginia Central & Pittsburg Railway Company, is a corporation, chartered and existing under the laws of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 5th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, W. A. BRATTON, p. q. Clerk.

## Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA  
POCAHONTAS COUNTY to wit:  
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, March 1st, 1895.

Ott, Bros. & Co.

vs.

J. W. Bolton, W. H. Overholt, E. H. Moore, trustee, George W. Whiting, and J. S. Wickline.

The object of this suit is to enforce a judgment of Ott, Bros. & Co. of \$418.06 and \$14.80 costs against J. W. Bolton, and subject the lands of the said J. W. Bolton to the lien of said judgment and the costs of this suit. And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant, J. S. Wickline, is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month from the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 4th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, L. M. MCCLINTIC, p. q. Clerk.

## Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 24th day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of Jacob Sheets, Administrator, vs. Rachel E. A. Sheets and others, the undersigned special commissioner will proceed to sell on

Tuesday, April 2d, 1895,

in front of the court house of Pocahontas County, at public auction to the highest bidder, two certain tracts of land, comprising the real estate of Jacob Sheets, deceased, situated in Pocahontas County on Hack Alleghany Mountain. One containing 135 acres of land, conveyed to said Jacob Sheets by J. H. Arbogast and wife, by deed dated on the 28th day of April, 1877; the other tract containing 164 acres, conveyed to said Sheets by W. A. Gum and others, by deed dated 27th day of June, 1878. All of the timber on said 164 acre tract has been sold to the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company.

Said land is partially improved, and has on it a comfortable dwelling and out houses.

TERMS OF SALE: Sufficient cash in hand to pay the cost of this suit and expenses of sale, and upon a credit as to the residue of the purchase money of 6, 12, and 18 months in equal instalments, bearing interest from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bonds for said deferred instalments, with good personal security, and retaining a lien on said land as ultimate security.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

## Commissioner's Sale of Valuable Lands

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, W. VA.

BY VIRTUE of a decree entered on the nineteenth day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of William Skeen's Administrator versus John T. McGraw, and others, pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, the undersigned Special Commissioner will proceed on

THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1895,

In front of the court-house door of said county to sell publicly to the highest bidder, the following real estate situated in Pocahontas county, to-wit:

## 3900 ACRES OF LAND

Lying on Knapp's Creek in said county, adjoining the lands of William Curry, and others, formerly belonging to the estate of William Skeen, deceased. This land is covered with virgin forests of white oak, white pine, and other valuable timbers, and is also reputed to have on it valuable iron ore. It lies along the bank of Knapp's Creek in such a way that the lumber can be easily floated from it to market.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-fourth of the purchase money cash in hand, and for the residue bonds with approved personal security will be required, falling due in six and twelve months from day of sale, with interest from date, a lien to be retained as ultimate security.

R. S. TURK,

Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

## G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

## BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather. Mending neatly done. Give me a call.

## C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer

and Real Estate Agent.

Isell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished. Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

## M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,

Room, 19, Reilly Block,

Wheeling, W. Va.



# HOME NEWS

—R. M. Beard, of Academy, recently sold his brown riding mare to Joe McNeel, Esq.,

—Tom Malcomb moved from Elk to Knapp's Creek, where he will live on some land he recently purchased Points Moore.

—On the 25th instant the trustee of the bonded bank at Lexington paid to depositors a payment of 20 per cent. on the amount of their deposits.

—In a recent writ one of our most learned justices describes a mare as having "one white hind-foot of the value of forty dollars." She must be a regular Trilby of a mare.

—Look here, if you have money to spend and want bargains when you come to Marlinton, go to S. W. Holt's general store, for there you can buy goods cheaper than you ever saw them. Come in and be convinced.

—A drove of sheep was being driven through Charleston a few days ago. The plate glass windows of a store reflected their images, and, no doubt thinking that it was another flock, made a break to join them and filled up the store.

—There is a new illuminant which is said to be the cheapest in the world as well as the best. It is a material which comes in cans, and looks like a white powder. Gas is generated when it is set in water, and the cost is only one-fifth the cost of coal gas in a city.

—Next Saturday the Literary Society will give a public entertainment consisting of a debate, declamations, oration, reading, and dialogue. This Society is very successfully conducted by the young men of the town, and they always have a large and appreciative audience.

—Married: Mr. Geo. D. Clendennin and Miss Louella McNeel, sister of Samuel McNeel, Esq., were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. A. C. Hamill, March 21st, 1895, at the residence of Mr. J. W. Kennison, near Academy. As wellwishes and congratulations were never more in order than now, they are most cordially extended.

—The postoffice at Dunmore will change postmasters on the 1st of April. Capt. C. B. Swecker has held this position for fifteen years, and has always given perfect satisfaction by means of his admirable management. His appointment was renewed under the present administration, but through some technicality a change was made and Mr. B. F. McElwee appointed.

—Tuesday and Wednesday, April 24 and 25, I will have another clearance sale for actual cost. The goods that will be sold on those days will consist of Clothing, Hats, Shoes, Dry Goods, Etc. Sale to continue from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. each day. Everybody come out and watch the rush.

P. GOLDEN.

—There has been some excitement over the appointment of a postmaster at Academy. Some months ago Dr. Eckridge was appointed, but was violently opposed by several citizens, who filed affidavits with the department charging him with being a Prohibitionist, and not being in the Democratic party. When this opposition developed, the department decided to give the appointment to some disinterested party, and commissioned Mr. E. I. Holt, who will take charge of the office about April 1st.

—March has been a failure. We have had some bright skies, but there has been a cold undercurrent in the air that has rendered the month most unpleasant. Taking into consideration the mud we have had as much just cause of complaint against this month as any of the rigorous winter. The winter snow has not gone yet, and is knee deep in some of the mountains to the west. Wherever there is a little shade the snow is to be found. Farmers who usually have finished their plowing by this time have not run a furrow. The snow during the equinoctial storm was about five inches deep. This kind of weather makes our section a dangerous and undesirable place to winter in.

—Last Sunday night the Christian Endeavor Society was reorganized for the coming Summer. Next Sunday the Sunday school will also be reorganized.

—Let me give you a pointer when you come to town to attend court. You can save money by examining S. W. Holt's complete line of goods, which he is selling at rock bottom for cash.

—Last week an erroneous assessment of a tract of land was corrected by the County Court of Kanawha county. The assessed value of the land was reduced from \$168,660 to \$7,000, and the taxes from \$3475.89 to \$140.60.

—Jimmy—"Good morning, Tim, where did you get that Beaver Hat? Tim—"Why sure, Jimmy, I bought it at S. W. Holt's general store. It is just the best hat for the money in the county.

—Mr. E. D. King, who as special commissioner receives bids for the repairing of the Huntersville bridge, as shown by an advertisement in these columns, extends the time until the 3d day of April in which bids may be filed.

—NOTICE. Prof J. A. Lowe, the optician, will be in Marlinton on the first days of the Circuit Court, next week, for the purpose of furnishing glasses. Examination of eyes free.

—The justice's court has been busy lately. In the case of Sandridge vs. Ruckman possession of the horse was given to the plaintiff. In the action of J. B. Waugh vs. Edgar Sharp the plaintiff recovered a judgment for \$11.11 and costs. In Rankin vs. Jacobs the plaintiff recovered \$10.16 and costs.

—A merchant of this town inquired the other day whether the law imposing a license tax of \$500 included the business in cigarettes such as he was engaged in, and received the assurance that it did. On being asked if he would take out a license he very emphatically declared that he would not pay \$4 for such a privilege. So now for some moonshine cigarettes.

—In Marion County recently they had a typical justice's case. A farmer agreed to give a young man ten dollars to tame a bull. The young man got a rope on the horns of the bull and the animal fell and broke its neck. Suit was brought, the farmer offset the claim by charging him for board on Sundays, when he was not working but it was not allowed, and the bull-tamer recovered judgment for \$10.

—A peculiar case occurred in one of the Valley district justice courts last week. A gentleman had a blacksmith to shoe a horse and after the work was done would not pay for it. The blacksmith found the horse hitched near a store and pulled the shoes off the horse's feet, and then the owner of the horse had the blacksmith arrested for stealing the shoes. We hear the blacksmith was released.—Barbour Democrat.

—This is related by a gentleman as to have seen the occurrence with his own eyes, as he was strolling on the banks of the Greenbrier about four miles below Marlinton, with a friend: A rabbit was seen to enter the water with a little bunch of hair in his mouth. It submerged its whole body until only the bit of hair remained above water. Presently the bunch drifted off and the rabbit came out on the bank and shook itself. On examination it was found that all the fleas of the season were clinging to that bunch of hair, and it was very apparent that the rabbit had taken this means to get rid of the pests.

—Pendleton county has a very depraved taste. It wishes for a railroad. Now how it can invite all the woes attending more populous life to come and exist within its bounds passes comprehension. Pocahontas has over eighty acres to every man, woman, and child of its population, and Pendleton county is about as well off. Neither has a railroad. Why they should want to reduce the average acreage of the county by doing all they can to people the county through railroad development, is not apparent. They have desired to submit a proposition to bond the county for \$25,000 to induce a railroad to come their way. This is to throw our Meachan road off its proper and legitimate course through Pocahontas, we suppose.

—FOR SALE: One new, two-horse wagon. S. W. HOLT, Marlinton, W. V.

—Swecker, the Silver Tongued Auctioneer will sound his horn at court.

—It is about time you were overhauling your fishing tackle and getting things in shape for the coming spring.

—Mr. O. L. Moore, on Brown's Creek, has a thousand logs or more on the skids ready for extensive sawing operations with a view to building and fencing.

—Hampton, the late Col. Lockridge's favorite saddle horse, died a few days since on Dr. Lockridge's farm, of an accidental injury, aged about thirty years.

—Horse back is the manner in which most of the traveling is done over our roads nowadays. The mud is too deep to make traveling on wheels desirable.

—B. F. Flesherman occupies his new and comfortable dwelling on the lower section of Wm. Cleek's farm, and has good outbuildings in course of erection, and does much of the work himself.

—Capt. O'Connell's rear is at the head of the "Jake Place." A very heavy splash came down from Hunter's early Monday morning, and gave Mr. Lee Gum, who was coming for a physician, some deep fording to do.

—One of the best kept roads in our county is that from Brown's Creek to Harper's Mill, under the supervision of Mr. Sheldon Moore. Like the wise Franklin, Mr. Moore thinks what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

—Mr. Wallace McLaughlin is preparing to manufacture lime on a large scale for fertilizing uses. This is a move in the right direction, and one acre may be made to do as much as two or three have been doing in the production of grain and grass.

—William Curry, Esq. has in his possession and daily use a pair of fire tongs that were procured by the late Henry M. Moffatt, second clerk of Pocahontas County, for the office fireplace, about sixty-seven years ago.

—Teams passed through Marlinton Tuesday moving Mr. Thomas Malcomb from Elk to Knapp's Creek. He will settle on the Geo. Gay place recently purchased from Points Moore. Just as Malcomb's teams were starting from Mr. J. S. Moore's, on Elk, one of them took fright and attempted to run away. The saddle horse fell over the tongue and the off horse fell on him and both were on Mr. Malcomb, and in that posture he was dragged about thirty yards by the two horses in front. He was soon extricated by Mr. Moore, Ellis Sharp, and Pat Gay without serious hurt, and is most fortunate in not being fatally injured. It was a wonderful escape from instant death.

## Personal.

Hon. Geo. H. Moffatt, formerly of Pocahontas, is now on the staff of the Cincinnati Enquirer. He will make his home at Lewisburg, and will be the representative of the Enquirer in West Virginia.

Mr. J. B. G. Wilson is off on a business trip to Staunton.

The action of the Virginia Conference in retaining among us for another year Rev. S. C. Morgan, Rev. W. A. Sharp, and Rev. C. M. Fultz, meets with the approbation of every one especially the parishioners of these ministers.

Walker Yeager is reading law under the direction of Mr. L. M. McClintie.

Mr. H. M. Lockridge is one of the leading members of the law class at the State University, and his friends look upon his graduating in June as assured. He will locate for the practice of the profession at Marlinton.

Mrs. E. A. Smith, was called to the bedside of her sick mother in Pennsylvania, last week.

After Mr. F. J. Snyder went to Richmond, Va., to enter the Soldier's Home at that place, no word was received from him for about six weeks. Much interest was felt as to what had become of him. A few days ago, however, a letter was received from Judge Snyder, of Lewisburg, saying that the exposure of his journey to Richmond had made his brother ill, that for a good while his life was despaired of, but that he was much better the last account heard of him.

## Dollars Wanted.

As usual next week on the first day of court many thousands of dollars will be paid and received. The TIMES has come to regard that day as general pay day, and we have never been wholly disappointed. As many subscribers as can will please take advantage of the season and send in their subscriptions from their abundance, and as such we will ever pray, etc.

## Another Route.

As the voice of one crying in the wilderness, a correspondent of the Randolph Enterprise tells how Cheat Mountain can be successfully flanked so as to let the railroad into the Greenbrier Valley. If the high mountains completely encircling Pocahontas knew how many weak places they have, and how often they are laid bare before the public, these mountains would have occasion to be ashamed of themselves. This is the route:

It is to be hoped that the West Virginia Central railroad will extend their road up the Valley in the near future. The most available route to reach the upper basin of the Cheat River is by the way of Valley Head, thence up the Windy Run to the low place in Cheat Mountain at the head of Windy, then there is a fine grade down Cheat River to Cheat Bridge (Dewey's Camp), thence it is level to the Kerr Top, thence east up the side of Shaver's Mountain to the White's Camp Run, thence down the Greenbrier River, south. This route is available and opens up the greatest lumber section in West Virginia, besides it will catch a large traffic from the counties of Pocahontas and Webster, also the upper part of Randolph, which might direct their trade to the road leading up Middle Fork, the nearest point being about five miles from Crickard. I believe most of the landowners will grant the right of way.

## Dry Branch.

### IN THE FORDING.

On the 16th of this month Clark Sharp was on his return from the depot at Beverly with a two horse team and heavy loaded wagon. He attempted to ford the Tygart's Valley River, near Adam See's in Randolph county, which was raised considerably. When about half way across the river, his lead horse which was on the lower side fell and his harness tied him down so he could not get up. The off horse pulled the wagon loaded with 2500 pounds, and the fallen horse to the bank. Then Mr. Sharp walked out upon the tongue of the wagon, cut the same strings, and let the horse up. While they were getting the wagon out of the water, two sacks of salt were washed out of the hind end of the body, and damaged other things pretty badly.

### IN EARNEST.

Rev. Powers is holding a protracted meeting at this place. He says he is a going to twist the devil out of the people like he and his brother used to do the rabbits when they got them in a hollow tree, and got a forked stick in their fur. We wish him much success in his new scheme.

### WHITE MARBLE.

W. H. Beady found a very fine specimen of clear white marble. It dresses beautifully.

People are plowing and making sugar.

Mrs. Smith who has been to visit her son at Dunmore, stopped over to visit her daughter Mrs. Molhe Beale. She is on her way to her home at Pickens.

Mr. Cameron Beal has been very sick, but is better at this writing.

We are having fine March weather. We heard very heavy thunder last night. TUCKER.

## Public Sale.

I will sell at public auction, on Tuesday, April 9th, 1895, the following property, to wit:

3 head of horses,  
4 head of milch cows,  
4 two-year olds,  
1 one year old,  
4 head of hogs,  
Some grain.

Household and kitchen furniture, farming implements, carpenter tools, etc. Terms made known on day of sale. PERRY A. BUEZARD, Swecker Auctioneer.

## Dunmore.

The weather seems to be a little changeable.

Rev. John A. Taylor took a boat one night last week for Ronceverte, and from there he will go to conference.

Mr. Jacob B. Taylor is off to the Levels for a load of grain.

Mr. Harry Moore and Mrs. C. B. Swecker are on the sick list.

Dr. Barnett was in town last week.

Mr. Cam McElwee, of Driscoll, was in town to-day.

Mr. C. E. Moore and family spent Sunday with relatives.

Mr. Ed. McLaughlin has been doing some work on the road. Overseers should get out early and fix bridges and open up ditches before the hard spring rains.

Attorneys L. M. McClintie and S. B. Scott were in town Saturday.

Mr. B. M. Yeager passed through town Sunday, on his way home from Grafton and other points.

Some teams are out to Staunton. We understand that wagons cannot cross Alleghany Mountain yet on account of snow drifts.

The football game on Thomas Creek Saturday last was immense. Francis Hambrick got two or three ribs cracked, and had to call on the doctor. The next match will be at Dunmore, Saturday the 30th.

Mr. Perry A. Buzzard has sold his farm to Mr. Emby Shinnberry. Auctioneer Swecker will sell Mr. Buzzard's personal property, etc., at auction April 9th.

Messrs. Simmers and Knisely have commenced sawing for Zack Nottingham.

Mr. John Beverage contemplates building a fine house this summer. John A. Noel purchased the lumber from Col. S. C. Pritchard.

Mr. Ott Kline, of Frost, was up, and will commence carding soon.

Miss Lucy C. Siple spent a week in town.

Mr. Lewis Yeager is canvassing for a fine book, the History of America for 500 years. Every body should have a copy.

The latest when a lady makes sleeves for a dress if she has any cloth left she makes a dress to them. TOM SAWYER.

## Green Bank.

Mud and rain and snow and thunder and lightning.

Mrs. George Tacy who has been very low with pneumonia, is improving and is able to walk about the house.

Attys. McClintie and Scott, were here last Friday 22nd taking depositions.

W. L. Wilmoth, Esq., and wife, of Top Alleghany, passed through our town one day last week.

Mrs. Harvey Nottingham was visiting her daughter Mrs. J. Curry one day last week.

Mrs. W. H. Hull was visiting her father, Harry Curry, Esq., last week.

E. H. Patterson, Esq., of Marlinton, is among his many friends at this place.

Lew Yeager, Esq., of Huntersville, was in this town last week canvassing with his history.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Arbogast, are all smiles because of the new boarder who came to stay, on the 15th inst. A fine boy and a true Democrat.

Mrs. John Patterson, of Glade Hill, is visiting at her father's W. L. Brown.

Mrs. N. J. Rock, of Dunmore, was in our burg last week.

Asbury Dysard, Esq., and daughter, passed through our town last week, enroute to Driftwood.

J. H. Curry, Jr. is suffering with rheumatism at this writing, also his hand is almost as sore as it was before he had his finger amputated. Can't some one furnish a cure? Two years gone and nothing done is too bad. BABBLER.

\$8.00

Size of

Pictures

3 1/2 x 3 1/2 in.

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21 oz.

THE BULLET.

A roll film camera that hits the mark every time. It's a repeater too; shoots 12 times and can be

Reloaded in Daylight.

The Bullet is fitted with our new automatic shutter. One button does it all—sets and releases the shutter and changes from time to instantaneous. Achromatic lens. Handsome finish.

An Illustrated Manual, free with every instrument, explains its operation and tells how to flash the pictures—but "we do the rest" when you prefer.

EASTMAN KODAK CO. Camera Catalogue Free. Rochester, N. Y.



The population of the German Empire is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale says that only eleven per cent. of the American people are illiterate.

The old Lincoln homestead, near Hodgenville, Laramie County, Ky., where Abraham Lincoln was born, is to be purchased by an association of the citizens of Hodgenville and made into a public park. The homestead is now known as the Cress Farm, and lies about two and a half miles south of Hodgenville. An electric railway is to be built out to the farm, announces the New York Sun, and in a general way it is intended as another Mount Vernon.

Creameries scattered over many parts of the East are making considerable change in the conditions of farming, the Chicago Herald takes note. The dairy is becoming more and more important, and poor farms are enriched by the presence of many cattle. The creameries buy milk by the hundred pounds and farmers like the simplicity of this wholesale trade. Meanwhile there is a constant interest in creamery prices and local newspapers publish quotations from time to time as news items.

Certain tables of longevity just published in England by Professor Humphreys leave the whole matter pretty much in the dark. Of the 824 cases in which the subjects have reached ages varying from eighty to over a hundred years, one-third were small eaters, and only one-tenth appear to have had robust appetites. Physicians, as a class, were found to fall below the average age. The usual directions for prolonging life by diet, sleep and exercise are not strikingly confirmed by those tables, maintains the New York Tribune.

A notable example of a big result produced by small means is found in the fact that lead pencil users have whittled away several big forests of cedar trees in Europe, and the supply of wood suitable for lead pencils is practically exhausted in the Old World. An order has just been placed by a noted German firm of pencil makers with a California lumber company for a large quantity of sequoia wood, which is found to be the best wood now available for pencils. The sequoia is the big tree of California. It seems too bad to the New York Sun that the grand old giants should be sacrificed, and especially that their end should be lead pencil shavings.

The London Times says that the Manchester ship canal is both a financial and commercial failure. It was opened eleven months ago, and it is not doing as much business now as at first. It is stated that the gross receipts of the canal for a year will be less than \$400,000—not enough to pay the interest on the first debentures. The city of Manchester in building this canal, which has cost upward of \$25,000,000, expected that ships carrying cotton and other merchandise would use the canal and unload their cargoes at Manchester docks, instead of at Liverpool; but upon the completion of the canal the railroads immediately reduced their rates so that manufacturers found it more to their interest to continue to use the railways.

The death of Robert C. Winthrop recalls to the New York Times the events and struggles of a period extending over the average lifetime of two generations. He was eighty-five years old at the time of his death. At twenty-four he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. At thirty-one he was the best-known speaker in the Harrison campaign and a Whig member of the House of Representatives. At forty-one he was United States Senator for a brief term, by appointment. His last active participation in National politics was as a supporter of General McClellan in 1864. After that his time was devoted to study and charity—his chief work being the charge of the great and fertile benefactions of Mr. Fidelity. He was a noble life, which, if not sufficiently distinguished to pass into history, excited an influence that cannot be lost. American citizenship is better and more secure for the work of Mr. Winthrop.

#### A VOICE FROM THE NIGHT.

O heron, from the lonely shore  
Unconsciously thy cry,  
Ill-boding, dismal, harsh,  
Arises through the mist of night  
That enfolds deep and cold and white  
Upon the silent marsh,  
Dim, drifting shrouds that foisted its  
Around my door.  
What shadow of the future's needs  
Dimly thy simple heart,  
Poor dweller in the fog?  
What evil spirit of unrest  
Disturbs the quiet of thy nest  
Beyond the tumbled bog?  
Do demons even ply their art  
Among the reeds?  
Perhaps thy bright-eyed mate is led  
Across the winding creek,  
Deceived, tired of wing.  
Then grieve not! Soon thy loving note  
As beacon's blaze to storm-tossed boat  
The wanderer will bring.  
O heron, on the words I speak  
Recall the dead?  
O heron on the lonely shore,  
The east is gray above;  
Thy watch is well nigh done,  
And gentle dawn will bring thee sleep,  
While I my endless vigil keep,  
Unwelcoming the sun!  
For she, my light, my life, my love,  
Will come no more.  
—H. Prescott Beach, in Lippincott.

#### ON EVEN TERMS.



YOU appear to forget that this fellow Vaughan has the reputation of being one of the most desperate criminals that ever stepped. 'King of the Coiners' he is rightly named; but it is chiefly because he is at the head of a dangerous gang. And because, by a lucky chance, you have found out that he is living in private lodgings under an assumed name, makes it none the less risky for us two alone to attempt his capture."

It was in a decidedly dissatisfied tone that Mr. Roche, the detective, urged upon his superior officer the hazardous nature of the business they were upon; but Arnold Bond merely smiled good humoredly as he responded:

"Whatever risk there may be, Roche, I think I shall face. And as I expect to take our man entirely by surprise, in the very bosom of his family, I don't anticipate much resistance. Still, I am prepared for it, and don't think that he will easily give us the slip. For the rest, you will simply carry out my instructions."

The two detectives knocked at the door of an unpretentious looking house in a quiet street of the east end of London.

Almost immediately, a respectable looking woman opened the door, and, stepping back, said, before Bond could speak:

"Ah, sir. I don't believe they expected you again to-night; but it's well you've come, for the poor mite is very bad, they say."

With the ever ready wit of a shrewd detective, quick to take advantage of the slightest error, Bond instantly checked the exclamation of surprise which sprang instinctively to his lips, and, stepping in, quietly observed:

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear that. Our usual friend could not come himself, but, as his partner, I thought it advisable to look in again. Let me see—Mrs. Sutton, second floor, is it not?"

Neither of the detectives scarce ventured to breathe as they anxiously waited to see the result of this rather haphazard remark.

"Oh, I took you for Dr. Dalton himself, sir! Yes, second floor. It's rather dark, but I daresay you can find your way up. Lor! I never knewed before as how the doctor had a partner."

"This gentleman is merely a friend of mine. If you don't mind, he will wait for me in the passage. I don't suppose I shall be many minutes," Bond said, inwardly chuckling with satisfaction at the lucky mistake which had, undoubtedly, saved him and his companion no little at the outset.

Leaving his subordinate—who had previously received careful instructions—Arnold Bond, with heart beating a little faster than usual, cautiously mounted the dark, narrow staircase and tapped at a closed door facing him.

Then, without waiting for any reply, he instantly opened it, and as quickly stepped into the room and shut the door after him again.

"Surrender yourself my prisoner. Michael Vaughan, alias Ralph Sutton," he said, sternly, as a tall, bearded man sprang hastily to his feet, with a startled exclamation, and confronted him.

A momentary pause; then, with an oath, the coiner snatched up a chair, and raising it above his head, was about to hurl it at the detective; but as quickly dropped it, as his eye rested on the revolver steadily levelled at him.

"Trapped!" he ejaculated, savagely, glaring at the officer. "And in this torn fool fashion, too. But there's treachery here," he added, fiercely, "and if I—"

"Michael, Michael," interposed a woman's voice, in pleading tones, "you're forgetting poor little Jess. You know the doctor said she must be kept perfectly quiet."

"Ah, Jess, poor mite," said the coiner. "No, wonder I forgot everything, when Bond himself jumped up before me like magic! Well, I'm fairly nabbed; but if it wasn't for her," he added, with a bitter emphasis, pointing to a bed in a corner of the room, "you'd never take me in this squeamish fashion."

The bed was occupied by a little girl of about six years of age, who, it needed no second glance to perceive was very near to death indeed. She was wide awake, staring in mute terror from the detective to her father and back again. Nor did the white face of the coiner's wife, who stood trembling by the bedside, express much less alarm than the child's.

"Let's clear out before you frighten my young 'un to death," said the coiner, in a quieter voice. "Never mind, Jess," he went on, turning to the child and speaking in such a tender and soothing tone that Bond stared with astonishment. "Perhaps, soon, I shall come back, and then you'll be better, and we will—"

Vaughan's voice faltered, and he paused.

"Ah, take him away, sir, but don't hurry him over what he very well knows must be the last goodbye he'll ever say to his child! What hope there may have been you'll take with you but to take it at this moment—"

The wretched mother, unable to articulate another word, sank into a chair, hid her face in her hands, and gave way to a sudden outburst of grief.

"Is the gentleman going to take you away, then, daddy?" the child said freely. "Oh, don't go! I do so want you to-night." Then looking at the detective with great, earnest eyes, little Jess continued, half indignantly, half pathetically: "How would your little girl like you to be taken away if she was ill, and wanted you to stop with her dreadfully bad?"

An involuntary smile gathered for one brief instant on the stern countenance of Bond.

"It's true, worse luck," whispered the coiner, stepping near his captor. "Poor little beggar, she's mighty bad, and the doctor says the next few hours means life or death. More'n anything she's got to be kept particular quiet, so let's clear out and leave 'em; and, please God, I'll see her again yet. Yes, my prince of traps, you can see what makes me such a miserable coward, eh?"

As if ashamed of the tremor in his speech, the coiner turned, and, taking down his hat, crushed it upon his head and approached the door with a rigid countenance and twitching lips. Apparently, he dared not trust himself to take even a farewell look at his child. But, as Arnold Bond moved toward the door also, his glance fell for an instant upon the thin, white face of little Jess, who had already fallen back exhausted.

She was gazing steadily at her father, who, however, kept his face carefully averted. The pitiful, pleading expression in the sick child's eyes struck the detective to the heart, for it was a look which expressed more eloquently than any words the bitter disappointment she felt at seeing one she evidently dearly loved about to be taken from her this night of all nights.

The detective paused abruptly, hesitated a moment, and then the resolute expression on his features softened suddenly, and he said, in a half-jocular tone, to hide the emotion he could not entirely conceal:

"Stay, Vaughan; I can't do it after all. I can't take such a cruel advantage of even you at a time like this! That's all and good night."

"Bond, Bond," cried the king of the coiners, springing forward as he recovered from his momentary stupefaction. "Heaven prosper you for this! Bad as I am, I hope I'll be able to give you your reward for this, if it's years to come."

A moment later the detective had gone. He had sacrificed an opportunity of adding enormously to his reputation.

It was a year later before the authorities succeeded in discovering the "factory" where Vaughan and his confederates turned out the cleverly made counterfeit coins which had so long been passed with impunity in most quarters of the metropolis.

But after infinite trouble Bond found out all he wanted to know, and one night he surrounded with his men the counterfeiters' den.

Bond got within a few feet of the door, and was already thinking how neatly he had managed everything, when suddenly, and without the slightest warning, the whole floor seemed to cave in beneath his feet; and as he threw out his arms with a startled cry, the trap he had unconsciously sprung turned completely over and threw him into a large well-lighted cellar below. Before he could rise some seven or eight men had seized him, and amidst a storm of oaths and threats, bound him hand and foot, despite his strenuous struggles.

"You fools!" cried Bond, exasperated beyond measure. "Let me tell you the game is up! My men surround the place, and this little joke

will only make matters a great deal worse for you. You'd better—"

"Joke," repeated one of the coiners, with a fierce laugh. "Well, we'll see. What say you, boys? What says our oath?"

"Death to the trap who howls he out?" answered a burly, villainous looking fellow. "Surrounded we may be, but what of that? Haven't we means for getting away through the burrow at the first alarm?"

"Aye, but not if we stand chucking precious minutes away in empty talk," interrupted another of the gang. "Quick, pals! Here's an end to our snug little business, and so let's make an end of this interfering sneak before we cut. The traps outside may smell a rat if he doesn't soon give 'em the one."

Without another word one of the coiners stepped up to the prostrate officer and, with a savage exclamation, slipped the noose of a rope over Bond's head and drew it uncomfortably tight round his neck. Another of the desperate crew at once threw the other end of the rope over one of the beams which supported the flooring above.

The detective now recognized to the full extent the really serious nature of his position; and, half dazed by the terrible calamity which had so suddenly befallen him, was giving up all hope of escape, when for the first time the leader of the gang—Michael Vaughan—himself spoke.

"Leave him to me, lads, and get you along while you may. There's not a jiffy to lose. Hark! hear the traps! They're breaking in already."

"We don't go until we've choked the life out of the rat. Who's put 'em on our trail? Run him up sharp and have him a pleasant surprise to his friends," replied one of the ruffians.

With these words the unfortunate officer was jerked off his feet, but at the same moment Vaughan snatched up a formidable knife and at a single stroke severed the rope above his head.

"I'm with you, Mr. Bond," ejaculated Vaughan, with grim determination stamped upon his white face. "Aha! see how my mutinous crew sink back from your bulldog! And by all that's lucky for us both, here come your men. Another minute's delay and I reckon it would have gone a bit hard for us both."

Almost before he had finished speaking the long cellar-like room became for a short space a scene of desperate struggling, the walls echoing a chorus of savage cries and shouts.

Of all the members of the gang their leader alone offered no resistance, but lapsed into moody silence.

Only when the opportunity offered did he whisper in the detective's ear—

"You see, I haven't forgotten what I once promised, sir, although you only had a smasher's word for it. Perhaps you didn't know it, but I reckon you had the life of my little Jess in your hands that night a year ago, and maybe you'll agree now that I've paid a fair price for it. As for me—but there, we're on even terms once more."—London Tit-Bits.

#### A Defense of Dirt.

Every few years somebody raises the question whether St. Paul's Cathedral in London ought not to be cleansed from the soot with which it is encrusted, and restored to something like its primitive whiteness. Some time ago an experiment of the sort was made on one of the porticos, which forthwith assumed a mottled or piebald appearance. Now the matter has come up for discussion again, and the following interesting point is made in a letter to the Times by a well known architect: "I have had the opportunity, when examining some of our London stone-faced churches, of removing the coat of dirt with a view of seeing the condition of the stone under it, and have found it to be perfect. The casing of dirt appeared to be made chiefly of road dust which had adhered to the stone (only the outer coat of all being gray black). All the deleterious chemicals must have gone out of the lower layer, so that the dirt was a perfect protection. If it were all cleaned off, the stone would be subjected to the strong chemicals in our London atmosphere. It must be remembered that this dirt only adheres to the parts which are not completely washed by the rain, and that it is just these parts, therefore, which are in most need of protection. If at some future time the atmosphere of London should be as pure as the atmosphere of the country is now, it might be wise to act on the suggestion, but until that time comes I sincerely trust that no such experiment will be made."—Washington Star.

#### The Sham Fight Was Getting Serious

A volunteer sham fight took place recently in England. During the retreat a Scotch volunteer, in scrambling through some bushes, stuck fast in a hedge. One of the advancing foe, seeing the situation, for a joke came toward the unfortunate volunteer at full charge with the bayonet fixed and a ferocious look on his face. The poor fellow in the hedge, seeing the threatening aspect of affairs, bawled out at the top of his voice.

"Hand on, you idiot; dinna you ken it's only in fun!"—Australian Queenslander.

## NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Bryn Mawr's Freshman class is hard at work on the basket ball field.

Mrs. Astor gave a Thanksgiving dinner to 800 New York newboys.

Ribbons are profusely used as garniture for corsages as well as skirts.

Susan B. Anthony wants to start a big daily newspaper exclusively for women.

Mrs. P. T. Barnum complains that \$40,000 a year does not pay her living expenses.

The court plaster patch on chin or cheek has been revived by modern "grand dames."

One of the most famous folklorists of the world is Miss Mary Alicia Owens of St. Joseph, Mo.

About sixty foreign women have been naturalized in New York during the last three years.

There are about 170,000 women in Connecticut. At the recent elections less than two per cent. voted.

The wise father of marriageable maidens will insist on a cozy recessed window seat in his new house.

Mrs. Bradley Martin, a New York society leader, has bought the diamond crown of Marie Antoinette.

Princess Louise, of Denmark, sister of the King, is dead. She was abbess of the convent of Itzehou, Holstein.

The Czarina of Russia is an accomplished typewriter. All her family correspondence is indited on that machine.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Michigan includes nineteen associations, with a membership of 2000.

Mrs. Gladstone is eighty-one years old and she possesses that vigor and vitality which is so remarkable in her husband.

Carolus Duran, the French portrait painter, is to visit New York this winter, to paint the picture of Mrs. George Gould.

The Turkish fez for little boys has become fashionable to the extent of being common. Now mamma's look for something new.

Twenty-four young women are taking graduate courses at Yale College this term. The number is increasing each year.

Velvet collars in all shades and shapes are very popular this season. Some of these stocks have one large or two tiny buckles.

Miss Isabella Lockwood has been appointed Deputy County Recorder at Munroe, Ind., and the courts will decide as to her eligibility.

Lena McClellan, of St. Paul, Minn., is the youngest stamp collector. She is four years old and pursues her fad with untiring energy and interest.

The women's clubs in and about Washington have federated under the title of "The Federation of Women's Clubs of the District of Columbia."

The newest lace pins have bullet heads, either iridescent, green, mauve or deep blue, sold in pairs, united by a chain—an old fashion which revisits us.

Washington will have among its permanent residents this winter a coterie of not less than a dozen widows of social celebrity and apoplectic bank account.

The class of '97 at Wellesley is the most athletic class in the college. Its members excel in every kind of sport, and have earned honors both at home and abroad.

Lillian Russell, the opera singer, instead of bonbons, keeps a dish of boiled carrots constantly on her dressing table, and declares that they are fine for the complexion.

Countess Giannotti, who is mentioned as one of the favorites among the ladies in waiting to the Queen of Italy, in an American, daughter of a cigarette maker of Newark, N. J.

Misses Judson and Lamson, of wealthy Cleveland (Ohio) families, the former the daughter of a judge, have joined the Salvation Army, and are living in the army barracks in that city.

A Miss Sterling, at Aylesford, Nova Scotia, has an industrial farm and schools, established at her own expense, where she brings waifs from Scotland, and teaches them how to make a living. She has something like 100 of the unfortunate children there now.

An enterprising organizer has formed a foot-ball team of women in north London. The players will be "professionals" and receive a share of the gate money. It has not been decided whether the referee shall be a man or a woman. The novel team has already booked a number of games.

The custom of having women pallbearers at funerals will probably be permanently established here, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. There have been several of that kind in the last year. At a recent funeral the pallbearers were eight young girls, dressed from head to foot in white. The young ladies wore white caps, gloves, dresses and shoes.



## HUMAN HOUSES.

### THE PROCESS OF EVOLUTION IN MAN'S HABITATIONS.

Some of the Primitive Forms—Influences Which Controlled the Early Dwelling Builders—Man Lived in Caves.

PROFESSOR MASON has formed the nucleus of what is to be a new and important collection at the National Museum. It will illustrate in its multiform aspect, according to the Washington Star, the human dwelling, the features of life conditions, which has enabled man to occupy all territories of the variegated planet and successfully to combat the forces which limit the freedom of the simpler organisms of the earth.

The first idea in this exposition will be the influence of climate—the primary factor in the production of dwelling structures. The tropical man, as far as climate is concerned, needs take account only of the wealth of physical energy which floods about him, and he builds chiefly for shade and protection from the tropical rains. One flat roof-like structure in the collection, supported by poles, typifies this class.



A SOUTH AFRICAN RESIDENCE.

of abodes, and a more elaborate example is the Samson house, with thatched roof, post supports and raised floor.

The needs which prompt to house building in temperate climates are varied. One day will be cold, another warm, and rain and snow add to the variety. Safety is also to be considered, and the provision of a defense against wild beasts and hostile men—the habitation is not only a house, but a castle, especially as seasonal changes require that it be furthermore a store house, containing objects of temptation to the covetous or needy. The home of the arctic man is a burrow, like the home of his neighbors—the fox, wolf and bear. In this region he



IN ALASKA.

does not attempt to build, but crawls under ground. Where he cannot do this, he imitates the burrow with the snow hat.

In those arctic regions where drift wood abounds an underground house is made by the building of wooden frames, which, covered with turf, form the igloos of the Eskimo and the yurts of the Siberian native. Whale ribs in places are used to form arches, over which earth is spread, and the entire lack of timber, or its substitute, compels the circumpolar man to use snow. Both the turf and the snow types of dwelling are attractively represented in the case, and added interest is given to the snow house by a presentation in section, showing the long entrance passages and the skin beds and fireplaces of the interior.

On the plains of the temperate zone the absence of forest materials makes residence in a tent imperative. In the Allegheny region the rectangular log cabin prevailed. Many people are under the impression that the red



IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

man learned of the invader to erect dwellings of timber, but if any imitation was practiced it was on the part of the white man, for the Indians used this form of shelter and protection before the advent of the European.

On the west coast the big trees were split in the construction of the great communal places of abode peculiar to three residents of North America. A very curious model of one is in the

museum case. The type of architecture is more pretentious than that displayed in the simple log cabin; the great slanting roof required for its erection considerable architectural ability. The walls are decorated with various designs, and from the entrance rises a high tree trunk, carved into grotesque images. In the tropics the palm, the bamboo and other growths give form to the architectural products of the natives.

Thirdly will be presented the influence of family organization on the development of the house, and, finally, evolution, invention and progress will embrace the multitudinous designs of civilized conditions. "All the great forms of architecture," said the curator, "come out of some primitive form of abode."

"What peoples," he was asked, "live without homes of any kind?"



AN ESKIMO HUT.

"None. The crudest peoples will at least go into a cave or pile sticks against a rock."

The cave is conceded to be the primitive form of abode. Simple cave dwellers still live in the deep and torrid canons of the Sierra Madre, in Mexico. They were recently visited by a learned traveler, Mr. Carl Lumholtz, who finds them a very crude race (the Tarahumari), going about almost entirely naked, except in cold weather, and seldom adding anything in the way of improvement to the natural recesses in which they seek shelter. The cliff dwellings of the United States are quite different, being pretentious structures akin to the Pueblo town houses, which are well represented by extensive models in the museum.

Occasional references are made in ethnological writings to a somewhat obscure race, dwelling underground, in parts of Asia and Northern Africa. These people aggregate in towns, which, of course, cannot be seen by the traveler until close upon the entrances to the rooms excavated beneath the surface. The dead are placed above ground, these people reserving the sepulchre-like excavations for themselves during life. Their homes suggest the subterranean houses in which some residents of India take refuge from the heat—an unsatisfactory, cellar-like refuge, from which the occupants are glad enough to emerge into the more cheerful outdoor air.

Tree dwellers are found wherever danger from animals or water makes desirable an elevated domicile. Several models represent houses of the low lands of India perched on stilts, as a protection against poisonous insects, venomous snakes and dangerous quadrupeds.

Many of the Chinese live in boats, and in the Malay archipelago houses are built on great bundles of bamboo which float in the water—a model of one of these is contained in the collection.

"The house is the product of environment in some way or other; there is always a connection between them." One of the most interesting



SIAMESE FLOATING HOUSE.

results of environment were the lake dwellings of prehistoric Switzerland. It was a social environment, for nothing but a desire for safety from human foes can be regarded as a motive sufficient to induce a people to move from the abundant land to habitations erected over the surface of a body of water. Although some references to these tribes were made by the ancient classical writers, it was only in comparatively recent years that a somewhat thorough knowledge of their habits of life are status of civilization was obtained through archaeological study, following upon the discovery of the submerged remains of the ancient piles. Industrious search made known the existence of great numbers of these, and the ethnologist at work in the deposits under the long since destroyed platforms found that these lake dwellers made use not only of many of the domesticated animals and cultivated plants, including some cereals, that are in present use, but also the flesh of wild animals that long ago ceased to be included in the fauna of Southwestern Europe.

The humming bird in protecting its nest, always flies at and pecks the eyes of its adversary. Crows have been found totally blind from the humming bird's bill.

## New Palace of the German Imperial Parliament.



The new Imperial Parliament House in Berlin, which has cost upward of \$7,000,000, is one of the most striking of the public buildings in Europe. It was planned to be an appropriate outward expression of the legislative majesty of the German Nation.

When the foundation stone was laid in 1884 by Emperor William I., Bismarck, as one of the main founders of the Empire, struck the stone with the builder's hammer. As he did so, he said:

"Be this house forever a symbol of those indissoluble bonds which in the days of glory and enthusiasm united lands and sections in the German Empire."

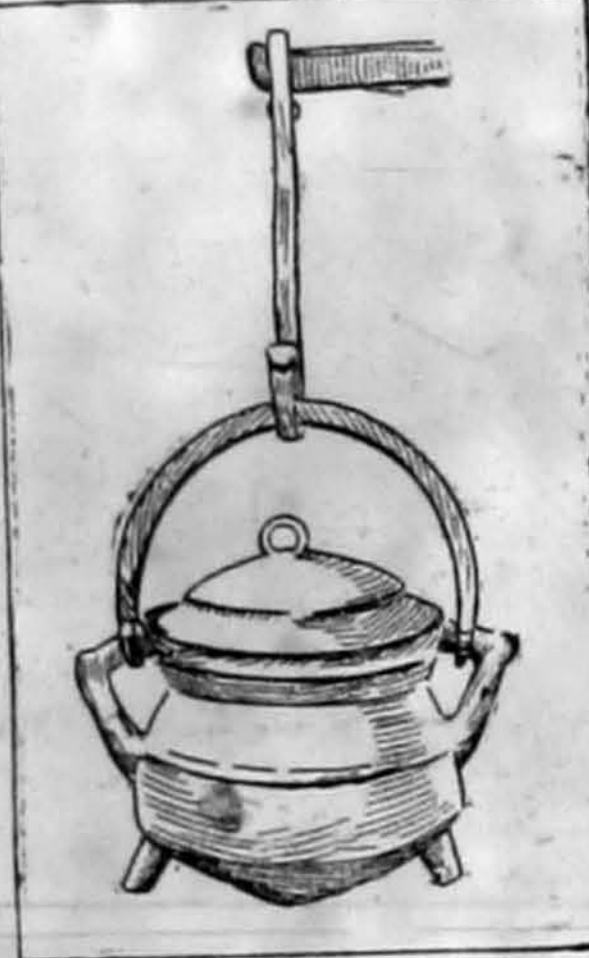
The palace stands on the east side of the broad Koenigsplatz, in the center of which rises to a height of 200 feet the monument of Victory, commemorating the three campaigns

(1864, 1866 and 1870) which made Germany one. It may be said that the building, which seems to be a mixture of many styles, is not altogether in harmony with the general architecture of the German capital or with German architecture generally, but what it may lack in harmony it makes up for in hugeness and in those florid details which seem to dominate latter-day Teutonic art.

The central dome of glass is surmounted by a gorgeously gilded cupola. The interior has been done with great elaboration, the carved woodwork of the assembly hall and committee rooms being exceedingly rich. The entrance hall is adorned with a large stained glass window, emblazoned with the arms of all the Federal States and free cities, and the light falls on a rich mass of variegated colors on the marble floor.

### An Ancient Kettle.

Among the riches of mineral wealth and the products of the metallurgical



FIRST AMERICAN CASTING.

arts in the mining building at the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, there was not anything which attracted more serious interest on the part of those acquainted with the founding of metals than a modest glass case in the gallery of the building, containing a tiny iron kettle, of

about one quart capacity, swinging on a miniature crane. The cause of this attraction was not due to any peculiarity of design or material or skill in workmanship, but to the fact that the kettle was well authenticated as the first casting made in America and the precursor of the vast iron industry of the country.

The kettle was cast at the Saugus Iron Works at Lynn, Mass., in 1642, probably in the autumn, and was given to Thomas Hudson, as the consideration for sixty acres of land, comprising a portion of the iron works property. This Thomas Hudson was, undoubtedly, the younger brother of that name, of Henry (Hendrik) Hudson, the eminent English navigator. The kettle was kept as an heirloom in the direct descent from Thomas Hudson, for over a century, when it passed into the female line, and thence back into the possession of John E. Hudson, Esq., of Boston, a direct descendant, who presented it to the city of Lynn a few years ago. A number of the citizens caused it to be placed in a suitable case, with a table, and it is now kept in the city hall.—Cassier's Magazine.

Fifty-two date palms have reached Sydney, New South Wales, from Algeria for cultivation in the northern territory.

The population of Spandan, the Prussian fortress town, has increased within the last eight years from 30,000 to 60,000.

### Head of the House of Vanderbilt.



Cornelius Vanderbilt, the head of the house and the principal heir to the fortune founded by the famous old Commodore, is a modest and hardworking gentleman, in violent contrast with many other flamboyant trifiers who move in his ultra exclusive social set. He seems to have a horror of publicity, and his many acts of philanthropy have been done without ostentation. Heretofore he has devoted his attention to his private affairs, the direction of his vast railroad interests and church work, but recently he has given indications of his intention to take a more active part in public matters. When the Committee of Seventy was formed in New York City to institute reforms in the municipal government he enrolled his name, and this is cited as his formal entrance into politics.

## DECAPITATIONS IN CHINA.

### HOW CONVICTS ARE BEHEADED ACCORDING TO CHINESE LAW.

Sign of the Red Cross—Formidable Sword Wielded by the Executioner—Strangling a Prisoner.

THE execution of the two Japanese spies whom we Americans delivered up to the Chinese, and the decapitation of a man-of-war's captain accused of cowardice in the sea fight off Ping-Yang, were recent notable instances of the use of the headsman's sword here in China, writes Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly. There have been other beheadings, for offences growing out of the war and for the ordinary criminal offences, and these have lent a new interest to the subject, even to foreigners resident in China, who frequently read of such punishment, but seldom witness them or hear them described. I have been so fortunate as to fall in with a distinguished European who witnessed the legal slaughter of a number of criminals in Peking. The account he has given me of what he saw is so unlike the popular idea of the methods of justice here that I have written down the substance of it.

"The official on duty on the morning of which I speak, having reached the mat shed, clothed in all the glory of a mandarin's dress—button, necklace, breast-cloth, and all—ordered the men brought before him one by one. The law says that in such cases the condemned men shall admit their guilt, and ask that punishment be no longer deferred. Like almost all good law and almost all good logic in China, this regulation is turned into mere ceremony and pretence. The prisoners neither say nor do anything, but a man who stands behind each one pushes him over, bumps his head on the ground and says, 'Yow.' This word, or one with that sound, means 'I want,' and the presiding mandarin understands it to have been uttered by the prisoner, and to mean, 'I want to be punished.' While the official ticks off the man's name upon the list before him, the man is pressed down upon the ground and a red cross is painted on his neck. This is done in order that the right head may be fitted upon the right body afterwards, if proof of the man's death is required for official entry.

"The prisoner thus painted is pulled away to the execution ground, where the headsman is heating his swords in a great caldron of hot water. The swords are rather more like knives than swords. Each is a yard in length, half an inch thick at the edge, and an inch and a half or two inches thick at the back. If you should weld together nine or ten of our heaviest axes, one laid beyond the other, you would make something like one of these knives. The victim is laid upon his face, and his legs are tied together. A long piece of whip-cord is looped under the man's jaw and tied into his pigtail. So much of its free end is left that two men go off with it to a distance and pull on it with all their might, while a third one sits on the condemned man's back. The executioner seizes a knife and stands over the victim, whose neck is seen to pull out—and out—and out. The knife falls, the head is severed, and frequently the men who are pulling the whip-cord fall backward and roll half over, like tumblers in a circus. The executioner picks up the head and holds it towards the mandarin, who looks at it carelessly and calmly, and makes a mark upon the tally list in front of him. I was less stolid than he, especially when, happening to glance at one of the heads, I saw it open its mouth just as it was held up to the mandarin's view. It was then placed beside the body, and the next felon was brought out and treated in the same way.

"Two or three prisoners were to be strangled on this occasion, and though I went away twice, from sheer inability to witness their execution, I was urged back by a friend who accompanied me, and thus I saw enough to be able to describe that mode of punishment also. The executioner tied a short bit of whip-cord around each man's throat, and then putting a stick of wood in the slack of the cord at the back of the neck, turned the stick and tightened the cord until it was evident that it could not be made tighter. For some reason he immediately loosened the cord (in each case, others said), and then tightened it again and fastened it. The victims made no sound, but a quiver passed over their bodies, and their fingers were seen to curl in as if their fists were being clinched. That was all. The mandarin sent a clerk to check off the names of these victims, and thus the law was vindicated, or avenged."

### A Simple Water Filter.

A new filter is being brought out which possesses many advantages. It consists of a piece of rubber tubing an inch and a half long, which fits into a small metal case or tube perforated at its extremity. Inside the tube at the bottom against the holes is pressed a small piece of sponge which comprises the filter. The rubber end of the tube is pressed on to the cold water tap, and thus the filter is made perfect.—New York Telegram.



# Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

## Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

S. W. HOLT

## Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

### GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION. PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON POCKET HEALTH

(West End of Bridge.)

P. GOLDEN, Marlinton, W. Va.

## In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

### Brown's Iron Bitters

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are imitations. The receipt of two 25c stamps will send you a Free Bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lohela. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Bushy's Valley. Four miles from Harpersburg, and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town. Lohela, W. Va. W. B. HILL

## FEED, LIVERY AND SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broked to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON, Marlinton, W. Va.

## FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the Peabody Insurance Co., WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869

Cash Capital \$100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL, MARLINTON, W. VA.

## BLACKSMITHING AND Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA. Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

FOR RENT! My store-house occupied by P. Golden. J. K. POAGE, Edray, W. Va.

Edray.

Mr. J. B. McNeil was in this neighborhood selling books last week.

Squire Cook held a large court on the 14th.

One of our near neighbors had the misfortune to lose a fine cow a few days ago.

George Irvine, who has been absent a long while, has returned home.

Two of our farmers have made over 300 pounds of sugar.

No plowing has been done as yet. The Pine Grove school, taught by Professor D. L. Barlow, will close next Friday.

A. L. Mays will move to Academy in a few days. RAMBLER, March 22, 1895.

C. R. McGAHEY, of Elkton, Va., about a year ago patented a fuel-saving engine, and now has a fine factory running day and night filling orders. The engine has no rival when economy of fuel is considered.

Lightning Hot Drops—What a Funny Name! Very True, but it Kills All Pain. Sold Everywhere, Every Day—Without Relief, There is No Pain!

### Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 13th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, \$2.25 to \$2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

J. D. SWEENEY, Principal, CONCORD CHURCH, MERCER CO., W. VA.

### J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

### Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop.

—AT— MARLINTON, W. VA. Something that has been needed in this county for years. They carry a complete line of HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade. At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO, THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on short notice.

Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

## E. H. Smith,

### PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

### Drugs, Paints and Oils.

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc., etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We buy to everybody and promise close prices and polite attention. At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

PATTERSON SIMMONS MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer and Contractor. Work done on short notice.

What is

# CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgood, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Ascher, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchel, Conway, Ark.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

## Waverley Bicycles.

Are the Highest of All High Grades

Warranted Superior to Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.: GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scorchers and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for \$85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is High Frame, Wood Rim, more than we can say of any other wheel, however Detachable Tire, Scorch-high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents. Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

Steel Rims, Waverley Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs \$85

Regular Frame, same weights . . . \$85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires . . \$75

26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs . . \$74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business awaits the right man. Get our Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

## LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux, Cholera, Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals and Bugs, etc. Tastes Good. Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY. HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran and the

Pocahontas Times, \$1.65.



# POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 36.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

## Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.  
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.  
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.  
Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns.  
Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.  
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.  
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.  
Commissioners Co. Court, C. E. Beard,  
(G. M. Kee,  
(A. Barlow.  
County Surveyor, George Baxter.  
Coroner, George P. Moore.  
Justices, A. C. L. Gatewood, Split  
Rock; Charles Cook, 511; H.  
Grove, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown,  
Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy;  
Thomas Bruffey, Labella.

## THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first  
Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in  
June, and third Tuesday in October.  
County Court convenes on the first  
Tuesday in January, March, October,  
and second Tuesday in July. July is  
levy term.

## LAW CARDS.

**N. C. McNEIL,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

**L. M. McCLINTIC,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

**H. S. RUCKER,**  
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC  
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

**J. W. ARBUCKLE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

**W. A. BRATTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

**ANDREW PRICE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

**SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.,**  
LAWYER,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

## PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

**DR. D. J. CAMPBELL,**  
DENTIST,  
MONTEKEE, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

**DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,**  
RESIDENT DENTIST,  
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

**J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

**J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,**  
HAS LOCATED AT  
FRIST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

It has been asked of us several times why we did not print a list of the jurors drawn previous to the present term of this court, as has been the custom. To explain this publicly is perhaps the best. A little before the October term last it was observed that in several instances influential members of the grand jury that were to be, were besieged by certain men who stood in danger of being indicted. These grand jurors were compelled to listen to defenses out of court by the men who wished to obtain their influence. It is repugnant to all ideas of justice that a juror should be compelled to hear things that may warp his judgment—we say compelled to hear, for he does not understand how to shut up such communications as a judge does—and the jury when assembled are not prepared to view the matters from the same point of view. As soon as the names of the grand jurors are published, the set that feels apprehensive when a grand jury term comes around, precipitate themselves on the jurors who live near them, and many an indictment has been changed. It is not very wonderful then that many of the most thoughtful persons should advise that the jury lists be kept quiet and everything done that is possible to bring them together with unbiased minds ready to hear the testimony of all cases alike. The same is true to a less extent of the petit jurymen. Juries should be made as perfect as possible, for it is a sad fact vouchered for by many that the wider the experience a man with juries, the less willing he is to trust life, liberty, or fortune to twelve of his peers sitting as jurymen.

The *Wheeling Register* for March 17, publishes notes of travel prepared by a lady correspondent who visited the Holy Land last October. The article is graphic and very instructive and leaves vivid impressions of that wonderful country and the Holy City as it now appears. The Valley of Ajalon was passed where Joshua issued his memorable orders during battle. She was reminded by what she heard while in Jerusalem of what occurred at the consulate on one occasion. An Englishman, a Frenchman, and an American were present, and when the toasts were being responded to the Englishman compared his nation to the sun, whose influence was felt from pole to pole, and without which there could be no civilization. The Frenchman compared his nation with the moon whose influence was felt a little less. The American observed that as his friends had compared their respective countries to the two great luminaries, he could do no better than to liken America to Joshua who commanded both the sun and moon to stand still. Her party rested awhile at the Kahn built over the site occupied by the Inn where the good Samaritan procured boarding for the wounded traveler. Near it is the brook where Elijah was fed by the ravens. Then a cave was pointed out where a hermit lived on four raisins a day until he died. She observes that the saintly successor of Elijah might have lived on one a day just as well.

A PARTY of gentlemen contemplate the establishment of a steam tannery at McDowell, Highland County.

## POETRY.

For the Pocahontas Times.

### The Curse of the Town.

Growl, growl, growl, morning and noon and night,  
The old cantankerous sinner is running the village right.  
He's offended if his neighbor stays out until rather late,  
He's personally insulted if he goes to bed at eight;  
He worries the poor school teacher, who's working his life away;  
It's his own particular business if anyone rests a day;  
He lies on the patient preacher; he's forever casting slurs,  
And that we're all on the road to ruin, he most cheerfully avers;  
And whether its roads or bridges, churches or school or state,  
He finds they are all mismanaged, and he is disconsolate.  
No one smiles to meet him—all leave him to growl alone,  
Like a mangy old dog in the manger, polluting his bed and bone;  
He's a drawback to any village, an offense to his kith and kin,  
And even the boys of the township hate his looks like sin.  
We won't elect him mayor, for other ways there be  
Of paying him some attention, suited to such as he,  
For as long as the pine trees flourish, and the gray geese do not fail,  
We can treat him to tar and feathers, and ride him around on a rail.

### The Long Udd.

Many know to their sorrow what it is to have the laugh against them. Sometimes it is malicious, and at such times it is well that the butt should get out of the company as soon as possible, unless he can say something that will rankle in an adversary's heart until that man wishes he had touched hot iron in preference to talking up a man who could take care of himself.

Many years ago a local character named "Doctor" Barnes, now deceased, got the laugh on a young school teacher, who was rather inclined to throw off at the Doctor's homely appearance. One day the Doctor, who, by the way, was the best ditch digger in the country, came by where the school teacher taught, and, it being the noon hour, they engaged in a passage of wit. The teacher was scoring on Doctor Barnes, to the amusement of the crowd, until that worthy got off on the spelling of a word. He then said he would give the professor a word he couldn't spell, the professor being willing to try, having a great deal of confidence in himself as a speller. The "Doctor" said, "Now how would you spell constantinobilitetillitatrebuscreatonlancomdiscomperomity?"

The teacher did not see anything funny, but it seemed to take with the crowd. There are many who have learned the word, and can repeat it with great gusto, with the old man's peculiar drawl.

It would seem self-evident that the best intelligence of a country should be utilized in the management of the governmental interests, or there will be an end of national progress. Strange to say, however, all modern tendencies are just in the opposite direction. The best prizes attainable are not conferred upon politicians but given to those making brilliant discoveries in science, art, or literature, and to those most successful in financial and commercial transactions. Strong men are greatly admired in history and the current journals, yet there is too much reason to suspect that such characters are merely puppets in the hands of astute but silent managers. To accept an office thrust upon a person of more than ordinary talent and mental superiority by a coterie of wire pullers, discharge its duties in the face of ridicule, calumny, and bitter hatred, and then be thrust aside for one more available is hardly an alluring career. And yet such are about the inducements placed before strong men by modern civilization.

For the Pocahontas Times.

## Innovations in Our Office.

We have decided, now that spring has burnished our complexion with a brighter iris, and we find that we are what you might call an able-bodied man, that we will run our paper on somewhat different principles, and we will take down our physical courage from the shelf, and altogether act in a more independent style. We do not intend to give offense, and will never do so knowingly, but if we do, the injured party had better eat his head off in silence than to come monkeying around this office with any tale that savors of the reality of woe. We propose to imitate as near as possible the style of the editor of the *Arizona Kicker*, who for many years has covered himself with gore and glory while pursuing his daily avocations. We do not wish to be interrupted by men in an angry frame of mind, and if we are, we will know the reason why.

Last Saturday morning while we were engaged in preparing a painstaking article by clipping it out of one paper and crediting it to another, and giving our whole attention to the duties of our profession, we received a call from Col. Cyrus Foster, who wished to know why we had failed to publish an obituary notice he had written concerning the death of Timothy Showen, Esq. We very politely doubted his right to write an obituary of Mr. Showen, we setting up the fact that he was not related to the decedent, and that he could not be his pastor, and asked him how his right, title, or interest in the deceased came in. We added that we had already printed three lengthy resumes of the life of the deceased, which would insure him peace on that score in whatever state he found himself. The Colonel, not knowing the new rules of this office commenced to cuss and invited us out into the big road, thinking that would squelch us as it had so often in the past. Not so, however. We broke the skin where we hit the Colonel with our lignum vitae fist, and at this writing the Colonel is doing as well as could be expected. On the massive head of that gentleman is a bump of veneration for the editor that was not there before his visit.

Owing to having but recently adopted the plan of running our office by force and by arms, we committed one little act of indiscretion which damaged the looks of our office building. We were constrained to throw Jim Sullivan through the front window. It is needless to add that no window is improved by the passing of a large man like Jim. This is all due to Jim's ignorance of our having declared our independence and having a regular 4th of July every day since. Jim expected to find us the same lamb-like editor as usual, and demanded that we pay him for a bushel of potatoes he had brought to our house a few days before. We replied very firmly that we had credited on his subscription account, and that it would take some more potatoes to square it up. Soon after that the sound of breaking glass was heard, and we must drop the veil of forgetfulness over the remarks of Mr. Sullivan. He then sued us for damages before a justice of the peace. Instead of wasting our substance in hiring a lawyer, we invested in a bottle of the best and paid homage to the court. The court's first action was to compel the plaintiff to give security for costs and then gave us a judgment of ten dollars, which we made the court a present of.

It is needless to add that so far our method has worked like a charm, and we propose to hew to the line and let the chips fall where they want to, and if any body has any grievances against the editor or wishes to dispute his subscription, we are at home to him from Monday morning to Saturday night.

## Obituary.

[Republished from the Randolph Enterprise by request.]

### ADAM MARSHALL.

Died at his home near Mingo, this county, November 10th 1894, of typhoid fever, Adam Marshall in the 17th year of his age.

The subject of this brief sketch was the youngest son of Capt. J. W. and Mrs. Georgianna Marshall. His mother died when he was but nine years of age, and because he was the youngest, he became the special pet of the entire family. He was his father's pride and the favorite of his brothers and sisters, and this was not strange, for Adam Marshall was a boy of many and varied attractions, manly in his instincts, generous in his nature, possessed of a bright and quick intelligence and of a kind and gentle disposition, every body loved him.

His friends were not simply those of the neighborhood in which he was born and raised, but when at school in Lewisburg and Marlinton, the same attractions made for him fast friends and every one spoke of the bright promise of his life.

His business judgment for a boy was remarkable. Handsome in person, sound in judgment, generous in disposition, no wonder the loss of one so full of promises, should have filled every heart with sadness.

The attack of fever which ended this life of so much promise, was from the first severe and stubborn, and baffled every effort of his skillful physicians. And although everything was done that a human skill could suggest for his restoration, after four weeks of suffering, which he bore with fortitude and resignation, he succumbed to the destroyer.

His funeral services were conducted from his late home by the pastor of the Presbyterian church of Mingo, and then friends and schoolmates buried his body in the Mingo grave yard by the side of his mother, believing that even in this sad disposition of His providence, the Judge of all the world hath done right.

HENRY ARMENTROUT, of Rockingham County, Virginia, a married man, eloped a few weeks ago with a Miss Painter, leaving a wife and family. He was arrested at the Longdale Mines and brought to Clifton Forge, where his wife came on to join him. He promised to send for her as soon as he could get money to set up house-keeping in Clifton Forge, comforted by which his wife returned to Port Republic. As soon as she was gone, Armentrout and his paramour left for the west.

JOHN GILMORE, a native of Highland county, was knocked down and robbed in Chicago last Saturday night. He was sent to the county hospital suffering from a severe wound on the head. One of the assailants, John Riley, was arrested. After acting as clerk in the Treasurer's office in Richmond for two years, Gilmore removed, about three months ago, to St. Lawrence, and, it seems, he then went to Chicago.—*Staunton Spectator*.

VIRGINIA juries seem to have very confused ideas of justice. Within less than a week after the acquittal of Goodman, the murderer of Col. Parsons, a Staunton negro was sent to prison for life for stealing a side of bacon. You may commit murder over there, but bacon is sacred.—*Gazette*.

GARTEN the boy homicide in Monroe county was indicted for murder, and tried. The jury was four in favor of acquittal and eight for conviction. Judge Campbell not presiding, Captain A. F. Mathews, of Lewisburg, was elected special judge.

JUSTICE ADKINS who sued the proprietors of the *Charleston Gazette* for \$50,000 damages for slander failed to get a verdict, and will have the costs to pay.



"The long day comes."

The thrushes sing in every tree;  
The shadows long and longer grow;  
Broad meadows lie all round the sea;  
The corn low;  
Round roof and tower the swallows slide;  
And slowly, slowly sinks the sun,  
At curfew tide,  
When day is done.

Sweet sleep, the night-time's fairest child,  
O'er all the world her pinions spreads;  
Each flower, loathes her influence mild,  
Fresh fragrance shed;  
The veils, on silent wings and wide,  
Sweep from the woodlands, o'er by one,  
At curfew tide,  
When day is done.

The more the clanging railway rings  
With voices of many a noisy bird;  
The startled wood-dove's clattering wings  
No more are heard;  
With sounds like whispers faintly sighed,  
Soft breezes through the tree-tops run,  
At curfew tide,  
When day is done.

So may it be when life is spent,  
When no other sun can rise,  
Nor light one other joy present  
To dying eyes;  
Then softly may the spirit glide  
To realms of rest, undisturbed by noise,  
At curfew tide,  
When day is done.

—C. Cornish Watkins, in Chambers's Journal.

## A BLUNDER RECTIFIED.



RS. MORLEY was a widow at last. Not, of course, that she had ever longed for that state, for Mrs. Morley had a good, sensible head on her pretty shoulders and she knew she had taken her late husband not only for better but also for worse, probably. [Then, too, she was a young woman of conscience and she had tried to bear all the deceased Mr. Morley's ill points as a good, true wife should. In fact, she had succeeded so well that, when the poor man finally realized that he had to die, he honestly confessed that he had been most wrong in his past treatment of her and died with a half-finished, penitent sentence of praise for her on his white lips.]

However, Mrs. Morley all at once woke up to the fact that there was just a hint of relief in the realization that there was no longer a craven-minded, coarse-bodied man to scatter discord along her whole pathway of life. She was deeply ashamed of herself when she finally recognized this disloyalty, and cried half the night in sheer fear and doubt for her future.

Nevertheless, by the time that her lawyer had brought order out of the chaos of her husband's small means and had graciously informed her that grim starvation stared her in the face, she had arrived at the point where she could swallow her last sob, give her pretty, tired eyes a farewell dash of tears and set her snowy little teeth in firm determination.

But what should she do? She didn't know a typewriter half so intimately as she did a sewing-machine, and she was as completely ignorant of the latter apparatus as a girl of twelve. She could manage a house, it is true, for hadn't she presided at the head of the late Mr. Morley's stormy household for the last five years? However, after she had answered the advertisement of a gay young bachelor who smiled altogether too fondly, and called to see a crusty old widower, and found that she was supposed to play mother to half dozen irritable, neglected little sons, she gave up all hopes in that direction.

She even contemplated selling tape in a large store, but after she had watched a poor, harassed salesgirl for a few minutes she gulped down a choking sensation in her throat and forewent that as a possible opening. Her best pair of gloves were out at the time; she had had to eschew sugar in her tea last night, and, taking it all in all, poor little Mrs. Morley, for the first time since his death, began to feel a rising indignation towards the man whose unfeeling selfishness had left her so thoroughly helpless.

It was raining sharply, and the demure-mouthed young widow had drawn her curtains close, extravagantly heaped her last coal on her toy-like fire, and settled herself for her lonely tea, this time not only lacking in the usual sweetening accessory but flanked by only a half-share of wafers.

Suddenly there came a most peremptory knock on her outside door. Instantly all signs of loneliness vanished in the face of this new calamity of a visitor when she was so unprepared. While she flew into her next room and made a frantic toilet before the tiny mirror she gave a sigh of relief when she realized that it couldn't be a visitor on such a stormy evening and just at 6 o'clock.

So with a brave front she threw open the door, and the look of perplexity on her dear little face gave way before a gasp of alarm, as her visitor proved to be handsome, wealthy James Orr, the man she had rejected

years before for the apparently superior charms of the then dazzling Mr. Morley.

There was nothing to do but to ask him in, and when he was seated before her miserably meagre fire it was hard to tell which face wore the more puzzled look—hers, why he had come, and his, how this dainty, lovely woman managed to subsist in a rented parlor, where the carpets didn't reach the north wall by six inches and where the one pitiful lamp was grotesquely pale.

"It's raining, isn't it?" began she desperately, as though she hadn't just helped him to deposit his dripping mackintosh and umbrella in the hall without.

"Yes, pretty hard," he admitted. Then it all at once struck him that a call under such circumstances and at this unusual time of the evening might need explanation, and he went on: "You see, I happened to be passing on my way to the club and—and I heard the other day that you were here—and—and I thought I'd just stop a few minutes to see how you were."

"Thank you," was her only reply. It was a source of deep shame to this woman that she was at a great loss for something to say, as if she had been a schoolgirl. Finally his eyes lighted upon the tiny table, which she in her haste had forgotten to hide in some way, and he said, with a great show of ease:

"Oh, please, Mrs. Morley, make me some tea—it's decidedly chilly out, you know."

"Who would expect a man of his wealth to know?" asked poor Mrs. Morley to herself, as she set about her task with trembling fingers. "I'm afraid the alcohol will give out before the water is even warmed, and the sugar—and the wafers—oh, dear!" and two big tears rose so unexpectedly that the fine, blond-bearded face across from her became all at once blurred.

Mr. Orr saw the tears, noted with quick terror how pale the little blue flame burned, a hasty glance at the plate before him revealed only three little wafers, and he was kind enough to turn his head away so that she could slip the cover over the low sugar bowl to hide its emptiness.

The bachelor showed remarkable grace for one of his kind, for he smilingly declined her invitation to one of the three thin wafers with the remark:

"I'm not actually hungry, you see. I dined downtown." (She knew he was prevaricating.) "I just wanted to see you working with your pretty things."

Mrs. Morley nodded back at him gratefully, and had half a mind to confess that these bits of china were the last relics of her old home, and that she had been wondering a half hour before he came how much they would go towards paying the rent, which was now two weeks overdue. But, some way, she couldn't just bring herself to it, and he heroically sipped at his weak, savorless tea, and didn't blink an eyelash when she looked him fairly in the face and told him that she had finished her evening meal before he had come in.

As conversation lagged, Mr. Orr finally folded his hands over his knee and fixing his eyes on the fast-dying fire, said:

"Do you know that I do not like to call you 'Mrs.'?"

The little widow's pale cheeks lighted up with an encouraging glow as she replied:

"It is ever so much better than to be 'Miss,' you know. It's vastly better to be 'Mrs.' than 'Miss' at twenty-six. I prefer to be a widow to an old maid."

Mr. Orr's lips set a moment in fierce effort to keep back his thoughts, but at last he answered, bluntly:

"Perhaps so if one doesn't mourn for the late departed."

A glow, half of shame, half of anger, flew to her very eyes, but his strong, steady gaze conquered her, and her chin began to quiver.

"I see that you know me," was the low reply, "and I am glad of it. I am not sorry that Mr. Morley is gone. While he lived I was loyal in deed and thought, although I knew then that you—that all my friends—pitied me. Still, I was true to him in spite of all, but now that there is no further use in it I will not be hypocrite enough to pretend that I love his memory. I think that you will hate me less to know that I am no longer ashamed to love such a failure of a man as he. Life is unbearable in many ways, but it at least has the charm of being no longer a farce. Pretense is over, yes, it is a relief to quit shamming, but I've got to go to work, you know, and that isn't very funny."

A sudden light of hope flew into Orr's sympathetic eyes, and he asked eagerly:

"That is an excellent idea—a little work will take you out of yourself. What can you do?"

"Nothing," was the nervous reply, as she held out two empty white hands. "I'm absolutely useless. I've tried and tried, and everybody wants typewriters and stenographers, and I can't see a bit of sense in all the little scratches and dots and things."

"That's true," granted the man, ambiguously, as the vision of the pretty woman opposite him beamed

on his dainty head all day over some dull-clinking machine in a smoke-circled downtown office rose before him. "You mustn't think of working among men, you know."

"But there isn't any demand for china-painting, and I can't find any old lady who wants a companion." "But you embroider?" asked he, his tongue faltering a little over the unusual words. He had a picture, a far-off memory of a brown, girlish head bent over a big strip of some gay cloth, while her full red lips pointed prettily because the impossible blue flower would insist on coming out wrong.

"A little. I can't sew, you know; I never tried it except to my baby's clothes, and they weren't well done, even when I tried so hard."

He didn't reply to this. In the first place he knew that the greatest joy of his life had been the baby, and her sharpest grief when the little one had died. Besides, he didn't like to have her talk of Morley's baby.

"You can write beautifully," he began, as under a new inspiration.

"But no one wants long hand now."

"Oh, my dear Mrs.—Mrs. Morley, there is just where you're mistaken. I'm in great need of some one at the office at this present time to do—to do some special correspondence. A typewriter is so cheerless, cold, don't you know, and if you'll be so kind—"

She realized perfectly well that all this was a mere excuse, but a glaucous at the empty teacups settled her.

"Thank you, if I can do it. When do you need me?"

"To-morrow morning," came the eager answer, as his eyes fairly shone at the success of his little ruse.

"Bright and early—no, not that, for you aren't used to early rising. Any time in the forenoon will do excellently, and you mustn't dream of inconveniencing yourself. The work will be light, I promise you, but as—it's so important, it will be a great favor to me."

All this time he had been getting into his coat, as though fearing that a delay might ruin all his plans. He was new at deceit, and the strain was making him decidedly irresponsible. Besides, he knew that she wanted to indulge in a good cry, and all the way up to the club he was fingering at his crookedly-buttoned mackintosh, while his dinner went untasted as he remembered the sad plate of wafers off there in the dingy boarding house.

He went to the office at daybreak next morning to tramp up some plans for this mysterious correspondence, which he had promised Mrs. Morley awaited her dainty chirography. She was early too, however, and he ground his teeth in rage as he noted how pale she was and how frequently she lifted her white hands to her temples.

"The poor 'darling's' hungry," he gasped, as he noticed that her step was a little unsteady.

It was only a few minutes past eleven o'clock, but he couldn't endure it any longer, so he said, with a great show of studied carelessness:

"Won't you do me the honor to go out to lunch with me, Mrs. Morley? Yes, I'll grant it's a little early, but I don't like to be rushed, and I'll have to get back before one. You know, Todd, you're going out at one."

Todd, otherwise Mr. Orr's partner, looked a trifle quizzled, for there hadn't been a word said about lunch. Moreover, the two men generally went out together, and Orr hastened to explain this away by remarking, as he thrust his arm into his topcoat:

"You know, Todd, that man Smith may be here at any minute, and one of us must see him."

Todd nibbled at his pencil to hide a grin, but fell in immediately at the mention of this fictitious "man Smith" and bravely kept down his laughter till Orr had tenderly bundled Mrs. Morley up in her scanty wrap and had softly closed the door behind them.

Orr insisted that he always lunched at the ladies' tea room, though Mrs. Morley noticed that he had to ask a man which was his floor. It was a place where she had often come in her good old days of shopping, and, without a word, led the way to a further corner and set her teeth to keep back the tears. Afterwards she marvelled how even a woman can give herself up to the baser occupation of mere eating, but he was so glad in watching her that he couldn't touch a morsel. All at once she noticed what he was doing and a flush of shame flew to her face. An answering, reassuring smile met her glance, and all barriers of pretence between them finally went down in an ignoble heap. "I was so hungry," she faltered, simply.

"I knew it," was his low reply. All the reserve, the awkwardness of the night before had left him, and at last he was master of the situation. "You were hungry last night, too, Ruth, but you won't be ever again."

Her eyes fell slowly on her folded hands, lying helplessly in the cloth before her, but she said never a word. He went on softly:

"There is no use in my telling you that I love you. I told you so once, and you know I have never changed. You wouldn't listen then, but the mistake is all past now," and he laid his palm over her two little trembling hands, while she lifted her tear-brimmed eyes to look out on the gray

scene before her—a tall, bleak wall, through the rain-splashed window.

"When will you remedy that mistake, Ruth? Do not make us suffer any longer for a past blunder."

She was suddenly conscious of the fact that he had slowly drawn off her wedding ring, and a gasp of fear broke from her lips; it hadn't been removed since Mr. Morley had placed it there, one flower-laden June night five years ago. Then the full purport of his words came to her, and she was frightened that he had let it go so far.

"Don't," she sobbed, trying to release her hands. "This is too soon; he has been dead only six months; why did I not stop you long ago?"

"Because," laughed Mr. Orr, happily, "because your heart was promptly on until your sense of propriety came in to spoil it all. Other people have been considered too long in our case, and it is to be only you and I in the future. Come, when will you put aside this long black gown, and—"

The consciousness that she was powerless before his pleadings overcame her, so she merely smiled up in a tearful reply:

"I can't very well dispense with this gown, you see, and I haven't been able to afford any more than this."

Orr's joy was becoming ridiculous, for he leaned nearer towards her chair and answered:

"Then I am sure that you'll not keep me waiting long. A woman's pride may keep her alive on tasteless wafers and insipid tea, but even Mrs. Grundy loses her terror before the fact of only one decent gown."

And evidently Mrs. Morley agreed with him, for she picked up the old-time ring and slowly dropped it into his open hand, as she said:

"There take it, and keep it, so I shall never see it again. And you may bring another one next week."

And the waiter smiled in sympathy as he bore down upon them with the finger bowl.

## SELECT SIFTINGS.

It takes a snail exactly fourteen days and five hours to travel a mile.

The Russians are the most religious persons on the face of the globe.

Single stones in the walls surrounding Baalbec weigh 3,000,000 pounds each.

The eggs of the Bahama cuckoo are held at \$100 per set by dealers in birds' eggs.

A 222-ounce gold nugget, in the shape of a horse shoe, has been discovered at Hargraves, Australia.

Vienna, Austria, is to have an elevated railroad with the wheels on top of the cars, which will hang suspended from the rails.

Bobbing graves is the only crime under Chinese law for which the thief may be justly killed on the spot by any one finding him out.

There is a miniature Indian corn grown in Brazil. The ears are not larger than a little finger, and the grains are the size of mustard seeds. In Napoleon's early wars one out of each twenty-eight was killed, and in the early British conflicts as high an average as one death to each nineteen engaged is reported.

A man in Melbourne, Australia, has a trained kangaroo. He makes it jump long distances by prodding it with a red-hot poker. Its longest jump is thirty-four feet seven inches.

Allen W. Whittington, of Wilkes County, North Carolina, is the oldest magistrate in the State. He is now over ninety-four years of age, and lately married Miss Maria Vannoy, aged forty-one years.

A great sensation has been caused in Austria by the imprisonment of a fourteen-year-old boy on the charge of high treason. He was tried in secret and condemned to hard labor in prison for two months.

In the year 1803 a perfect shower of stones fell in the farming country adjacent to L'Aigle, France—upward of 3000 separate stones falling upon a wedge-shaped section of country eight miles long by about four miles wide.

The battle of Gettysburg resulted in the greatest loss of life of any battle of the Civil War. There were 3070 Federal troops killed, 14,497 wounded and 5150 missing. The Confederate loss was 2592 killed, 12,706 wounded and 5150 missing.

## Consume the Smoke and Save the Fuel.

Homer T. Yaryan, proprietor of the local hot water and electric plant at Toledo, has demonstrated, says the Manufacturing Gazette, that not only can smoke be suppressed, but a saving of twenty per cent. on fuel bills can be effected. This is accomplished by feeding the fire from underneath instead of from the top, as has been the custom ever since coal became a fuel. A mechanical stoker introduces a uniform quantity of fuel at regular intervals under the boiler, and the combustion thoroughly consumes all the gases and smoke from the green coal as it passes through the bed of incandescent coke above it. The coal with which he fires his boilers is the poorest kind of Hooking valley slack, and is obtained for the freight and the nominal charge of ten cents per ton for loading at the mine.—Atlanta Constitution.



Mr. James B. Sumerville.

## HOOD'S BUILT ME UP

"I was attacked by rheumatism very suddenly and was confined to the house for six months. I did not do any work for a year. Hood's Sarsaparilla put me on my feet again and gave me strength to work. Nervous prostration and trouble with my kidneys have also been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I believe this medicine saved my life." J. B. SUMERVILLE, Waitsfield, Vermont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

## In Japan.

Envelopes were not used in Japan until recently, letters being always folded in a piece of paper, which was wrapped with great care, according to prescribed forms, differing according to the relation and rank of the person addressed. The triangular corner last folded over was pasted or stamped with a red or black stamp, or, as was generally the case, merely inscribed with the word Fin. "Seal."

## Changed Its Name.

A woman's night dress was at one time called a night rail.



## LEAVES ITS MARK

—every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time.

Get well: That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength. It's a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, imparting vigor and strength to the entire system.



Mrs. ANNA ULRICH, of Elm Creek, Buffalo Co., Neb., writes: "I enjoy good health thanks to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I was under doctors' care for two years with womb disease, and gradually wasting in strength all the time. I was so weak that I could sit up in bed only a few moments, for two years. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and by the time I had taken one-half dozen bottles I was up and going wherever I pleased, and have had good health and been very strong ever since—that was two years and a half ago."

A book of 168 pages on "Woman and Her Diseases" mailed sealed, on receipt of 10 cents in stamps for postage. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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